



I'VE WANDERED BY THE HUT SIDE.

I've wandered by the hut side,
Where Nelly used to dwell,
And sat upon the seat we made,
My aching heart to quell.
But now she's gone to happier climes,
Her troubles—they are o'er,
This darkey's heart is breaking fast,
For darling Nelly Moore.

CHORUS.

Then good bye, good bye, Nelly dear,
We ne'er shall see you more,
You're gone to happier, better climes,
Your troubles—they are o'er.

Oh, she was everything to me,
We loved each other well,
And all the darkeys in the place,
Thought all the world of Nell.
I can't help cry to think she's dead,
O Nell, why have you gone,
And left this darkey by himself,
To walk about alone?

CHORUS.

Then good bye, good bye, Nelly dear,
We ne'er shall see you more;
You're gone to happier, better climes,
Your troubles—they are o'er.

I almost think I see you now,
Away up in the sky,
If we be good, old massa says,
We go there when we die.
So I'll be patient, Nelly love,
I'll see bye and bye,
And O! what happy times we'll have,
Away up in the sky!

CHORUS.

Then good bye, good bye, Nelly dear,
We ne'er shall see you more;
You're gone to happier, better climes,
Your troubles—they are o'er.

H. DE MARSAN
DEALER IN SONGS TOY BOOKS &c.
No 60 CHATHAM ST. N.Y.

